That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Philoten* contents in ſkill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes which are paide by debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all graceſull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnbotne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profit, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'

Enter Mari

Mar. No: I will rob
with Flowers: the ye
rigolds, ſhall as a Ca
dayes do laſt, Aye me
mother dide: this worl
from my friends.

Dion. How now M
How chaunce my daug
Doe not conſume my
Yo haue a nurſe of m
Chang'd with this vu
Come giue me your fl
Walke with *Leonine*,
And it pierces and ſha
Come *Leonine* take he

Mar. No I pray yo

Dion. Come, come
ſelfe, with more the
heere, when hee ſhall
thus blaſted. Hee wi
blame both my Lord
your beſt courſe. Go
gaine; reſerue that ex
eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can

Mar. Weil, I will

Dion. Come come,
Walke halfe an howre
Remember what I haue

Leon. I warrant you

Dion. Ile leaue you
ſoftly, doe uot heate
you.